

GOLD



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JULY

THE JETSONS

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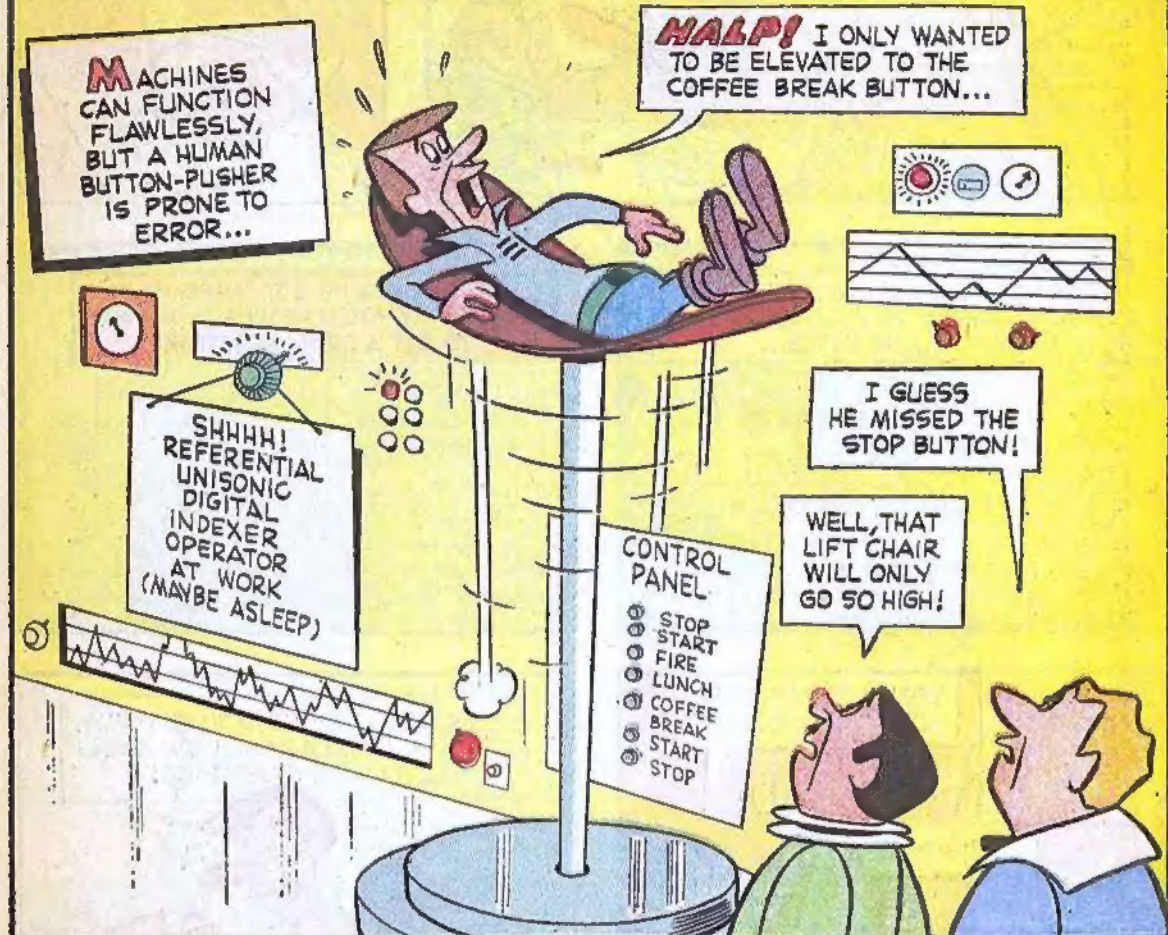
# The JETSONS



by HANNA-BARBERA

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# Hanna-Barbera The JETSONS



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SIR... THIS ISN'T HIS ONLY ERROR...  
HE'S BEEN MAKING QUITE A FEW OF  
THEM LATELY!

INDEED! YOU'D  
BETTER BRIEF  
ME, MR. DILLY...  
BRIEFLY!

WELL, EVERY TIME HE  
GETS AROUND ANY-  
THING MECHANICAL,  
HE GOOFS BUT MOST  
POSITIVELY...

"HE GETS SO MIXED UP AT LUNCH THAT  
I LOSE MY APPETITE JUST WATCHING  
HIM AND TAKING NOTES...

"AND SOMEHOW HE GOT 'ASSEMBLED'  
YESTERDAY WHEN HE WAS ON HIS WAY  
TO GET A DRINK OF WATER!"

I COULD RAVE  
ON, BUT I  
THINK YOU GET  
THE PICTURE,  
SIR!

YES! A CLEAR CASE  
OF AUTOMATIC-ITUS!

Y-YOU MEAN...?

YES, GEORGE... YOU NEED TO GET AWAY  
FROM IT ALL FOR A WHILE! I'M GIVING  
YOU A LEAVE OF ABSENCE!

W-WOW!

OH, BOY!... WAIT'LL I POP THE  
NEWS TO THE FAMILY...

EXPRESS

HEY... DON'T GLIDE INTO AN EXPRESS  
SLIDEWALK WITHOUT LOOKING!

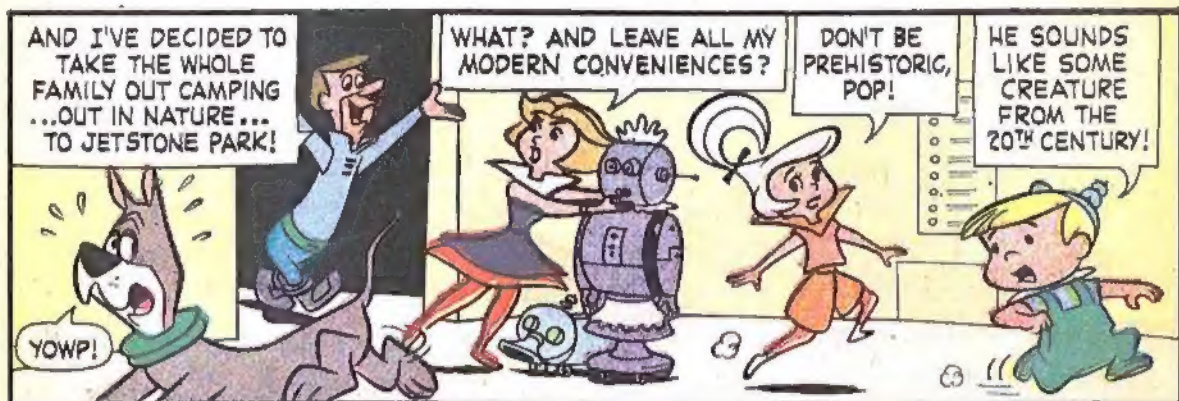
EXPRESS

BUMP! OW!











AND  
SHORTLY...

HUH? JETSTONE PARK  
HAS A GLASS DOME  
OVER IT?!

BUT OF COURSE, DEAR  
...IT'S COMPLETELY  
AIR CONDITIONED!

KEEPS THE MOSQUITOES  
OUT, TOO!



WELL, I SUPPOSE IT'LL BE  
OKAY TO HAVE THAT ONE  
LITTLE MODERN ELEMENT  
HERE... PURE AIR!



BUT IF I FEEL LIKE I WANT TO HEAR THE  
HUM OF A MOSQUITO, I'LL LET ONE IN!



COME ON... I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE WHAT  
GEYSERS AND WATERFALLS LOOK LIKE!



OH, NO... LOOK  
AT THE TRAIL!

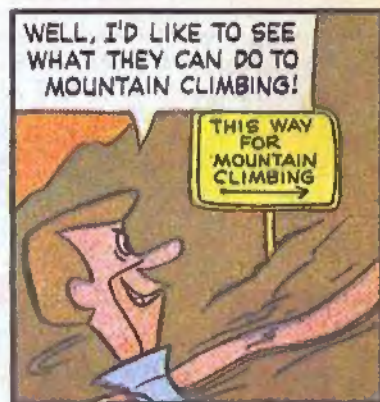


IT'S LIKE A SLIDEWALK  
... ONLY BUMPY!

YES... ISN'T IT NICE?  
THE PARK OWNERS ARE  
QUITE UP TO DATE!











HEH! MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IS SOMETHING THAT CAN'T BE RUINED BY MODERN SCIENCE!



HUH? WHAT IN THE UNIVERSE?



NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT TRIPPING AND FALLING OR GETTING TOO TIRED TO FINISH THE CLIMB! WE TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!

PUT ME DOWN! THIS IS KIDNAPPING!



HOW CAN A GUY HAVE ANY FUN AROUND HERE !?!

WELL, THERE'S THE GEYSER, THE WATERFALLS...



IF YOU MUST GO AWAY MAD, DON'T WALK ON THE POLY-ELASTIC-METRYLATE!

BUT I'M ON GRASS!



IT'S SYNTHETIC, MY DEAR SIR... FAR OUTLASTS THE REAL THING, IF NOT ABUSED!

OH, SPACE DUST!



YOWP! WH-WHAT GIVES... A STRONG EVERGREEN SMELL!

SNIFF!

YES, THAT'S TO GIVE THE IMPRESSION OF A REAL FOREST!





YOU SEE, THESE ARE ALL ALUMINUM...  
NO RUST, ROT OR FOREST FIRE! JETSTONE  
PARK IS 100% SAFE!

TING! TING!

LINK!

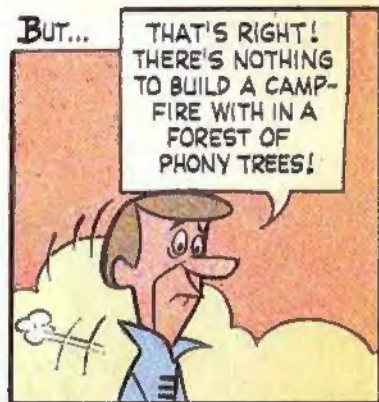


IF I HAD KNOWN THIS  
PARK WAS SUCH AN  
ARTIFICIAL PLACE,  
I WOULD HAVE  
SIMPLY STAYED HOME!



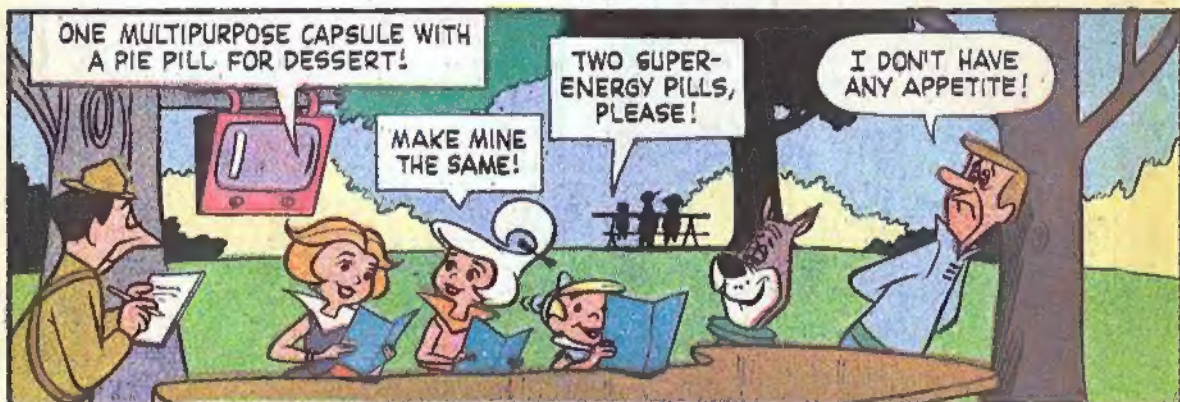
WELL, IT'LL BE FUN TO  
HUDDLE AROUND THE  
CAMPFIRE AND COOK  
A HEARTY MEAL!

TO  
CAMP  
AREAS



BUT...

THAT'S RIGHT!  
THERE'S NOTHING  
TO BUILD A CAMP-  
FIRE WITH IN A  
FOREST OF  
PHONY TREES!



ONE MULTIPURPOSE CAPSULE WITH  
A PIE PILL FOR DESSERT!

MAKE MINE  
THE SAME!

TWO SUPER-  
ENERGY PILLS,  
PLEASE!

I DON'T HAVE  
ANY APPETITE!



IF THIS IS GETTING  
AWAY FROM IT ALL,  
I'M AN ASTRONAUT'S  
UNCLE...

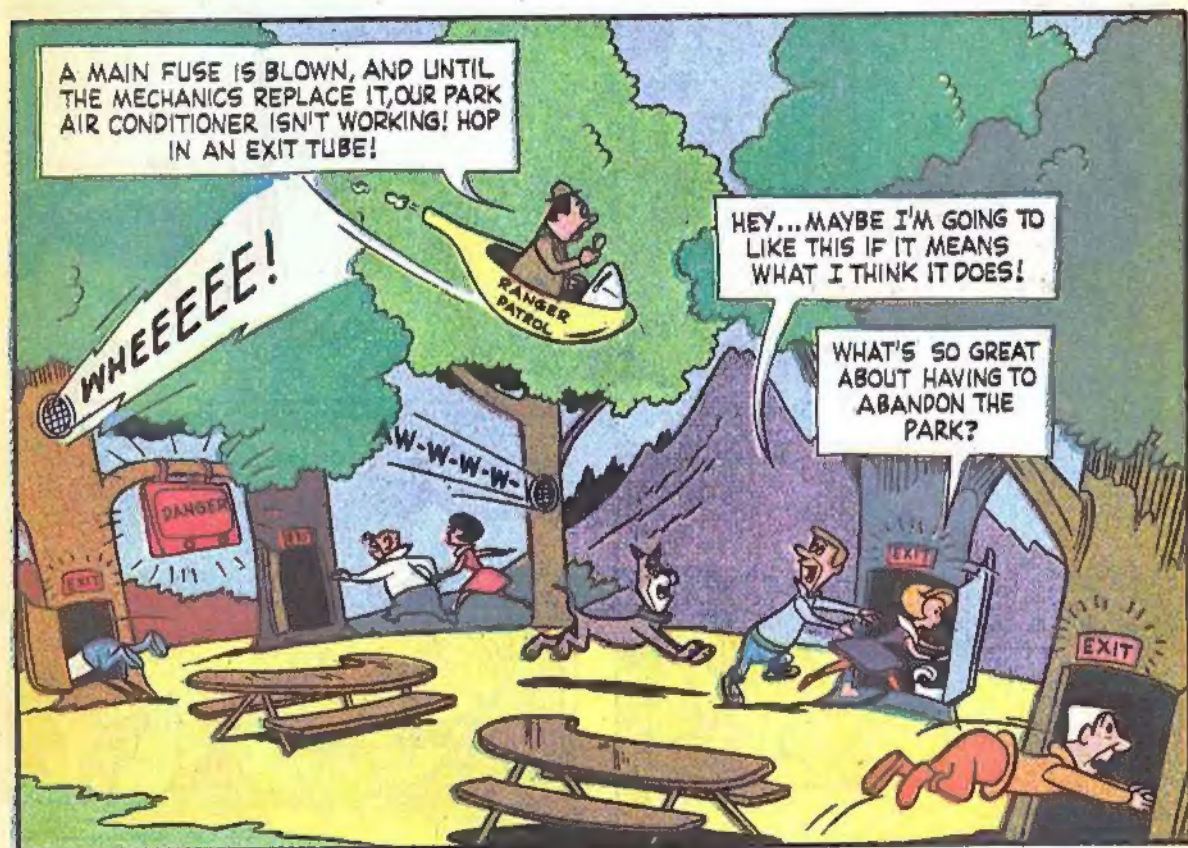
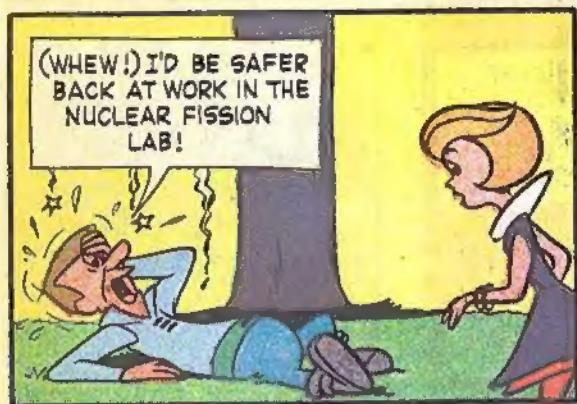


CRACKLE!  
CRACKLE!

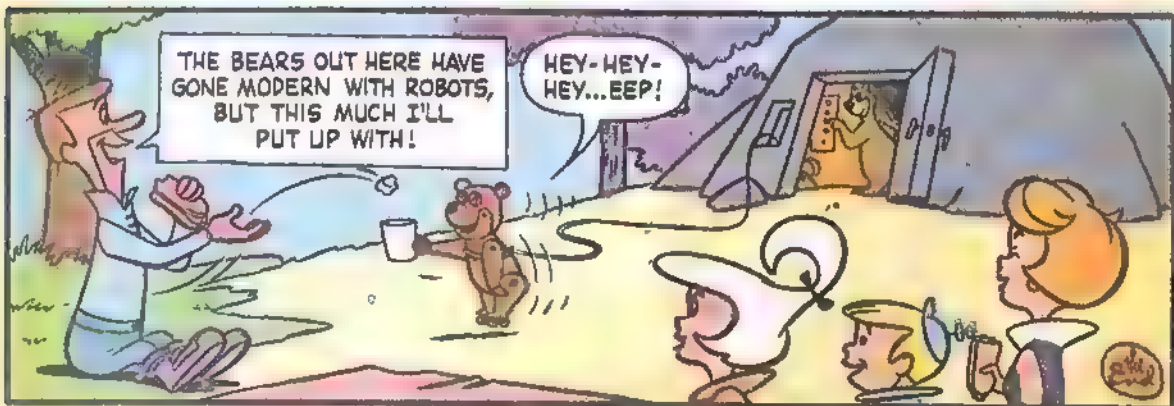
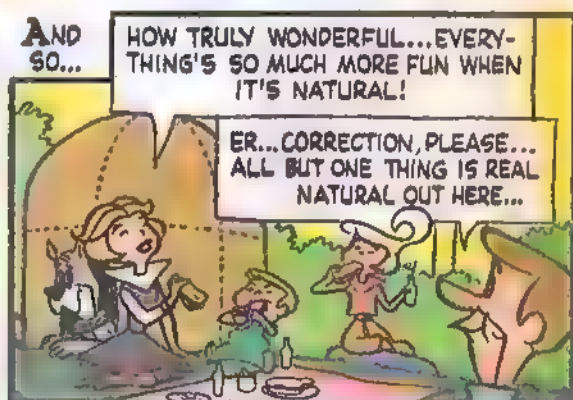
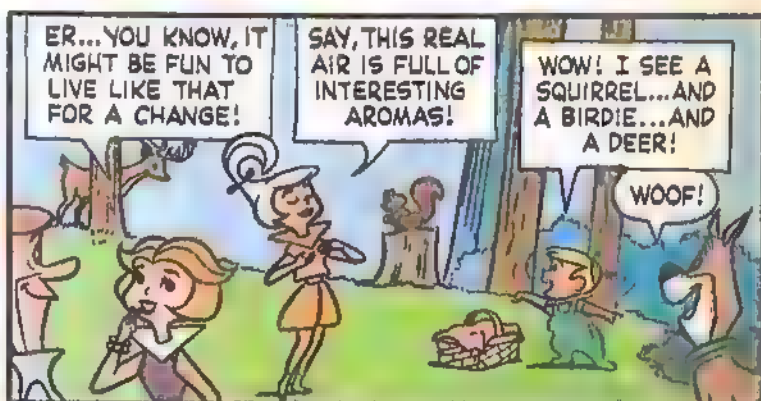
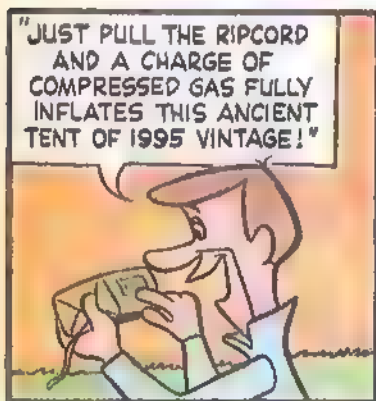
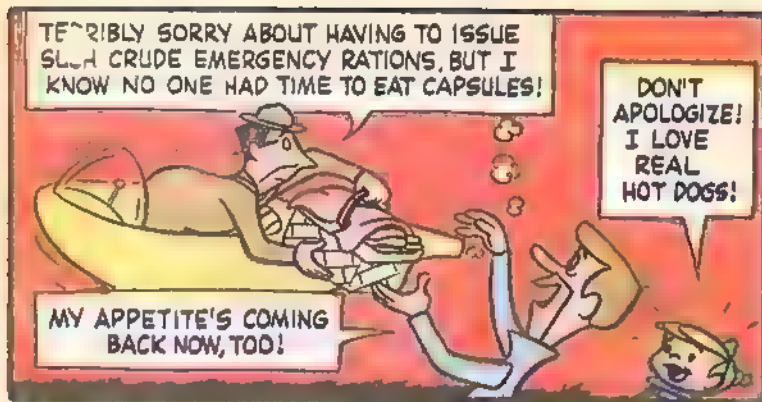
OH, GEORGE... YOU SHOULD KNOW  
BETTER THAN TO TOUCH AN OPEN  
ELECTRIC OUTLET!

ZZZZ!



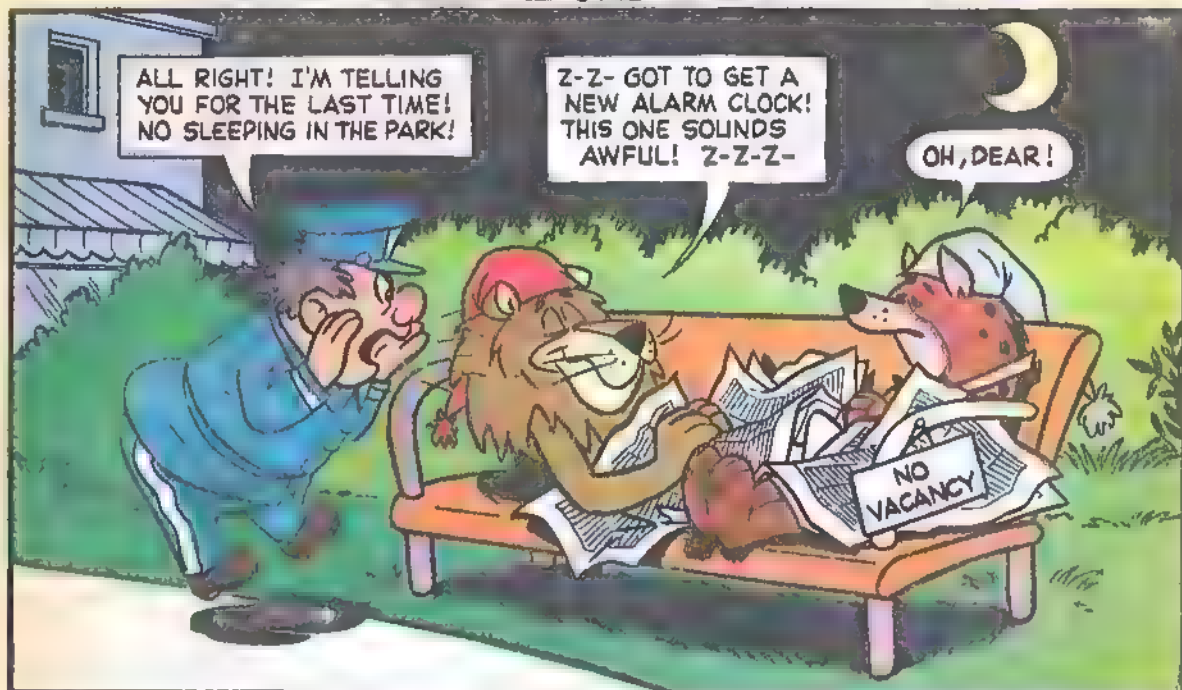




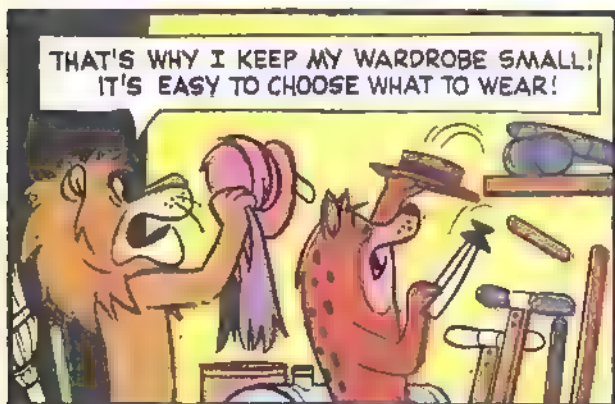
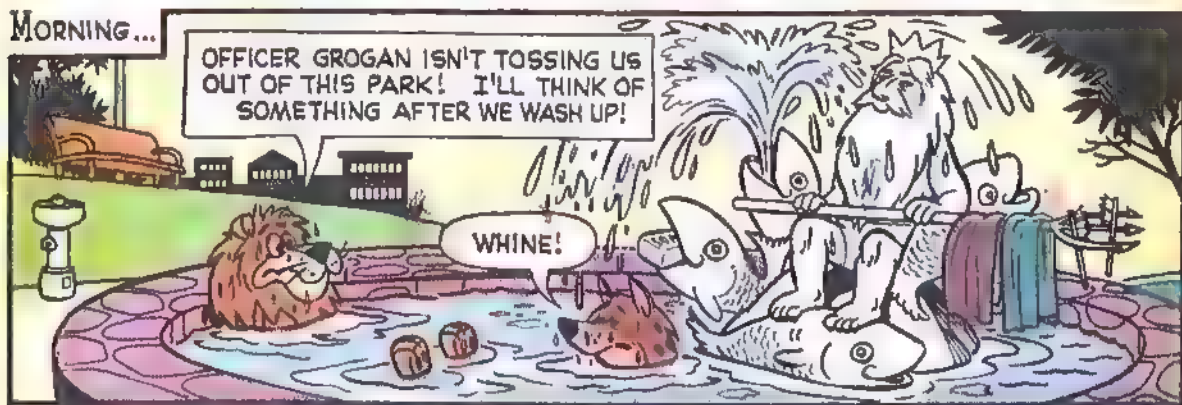
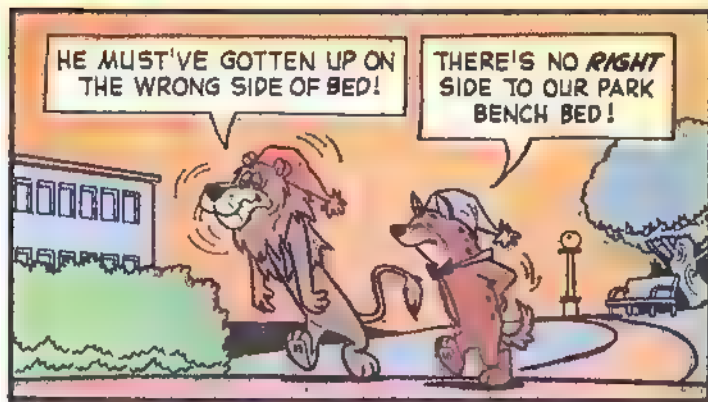




Hanna-Barbera Lippy Lion and Hardy Har Har  
**PARKS ARE FOR THE BIRDS**

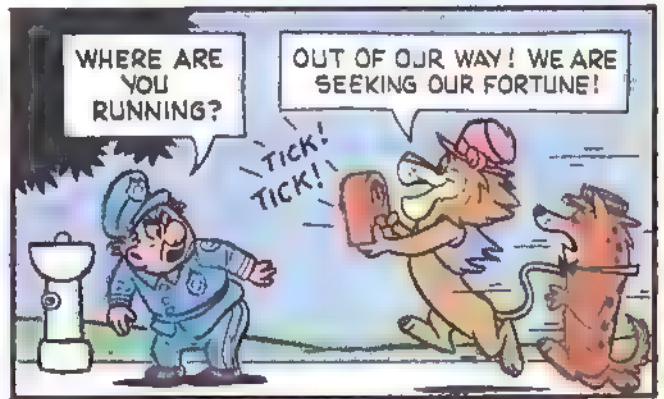
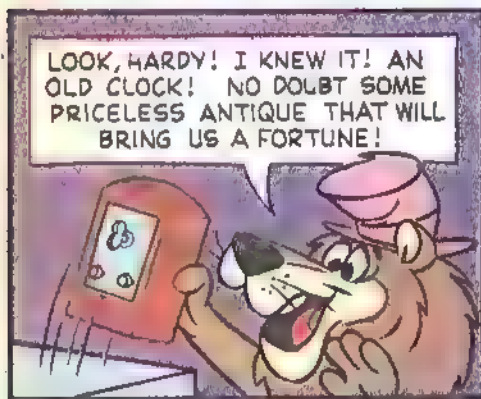
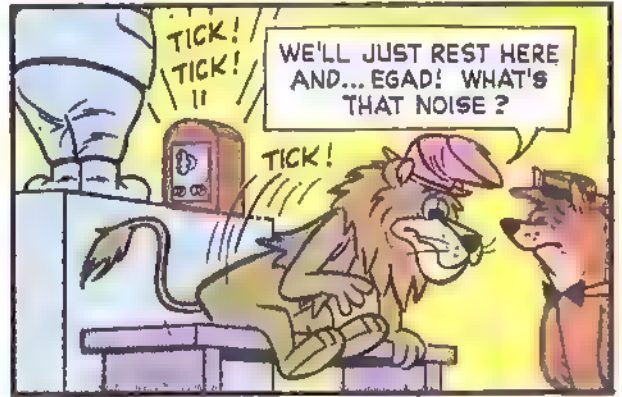
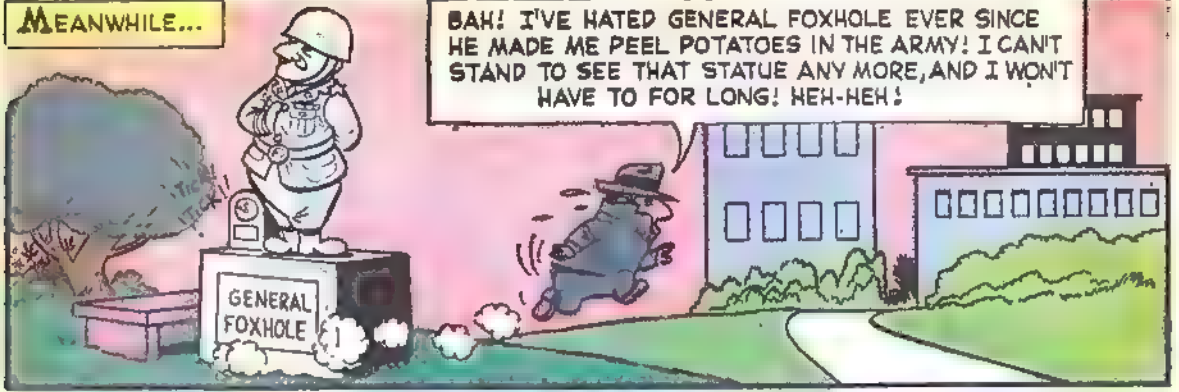




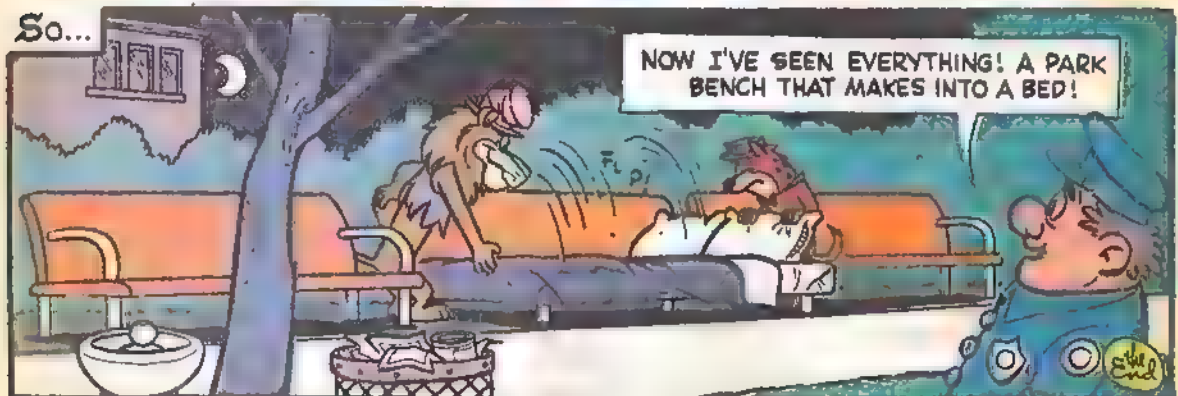
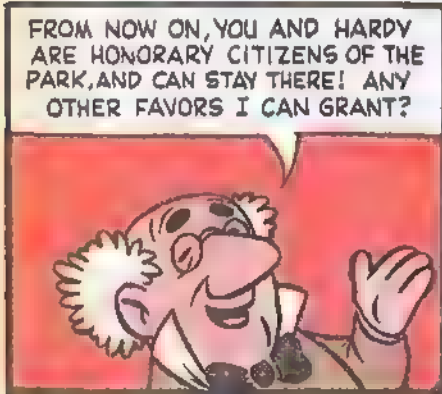
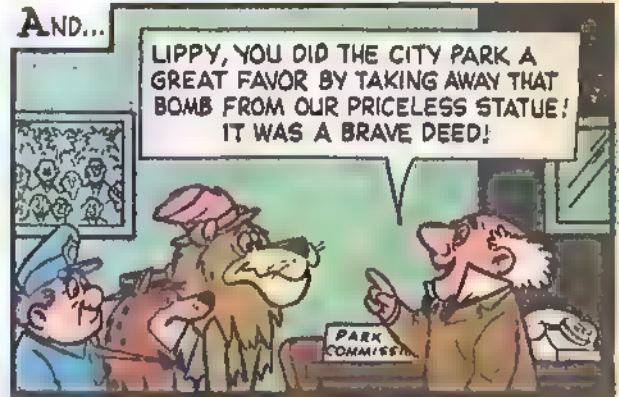
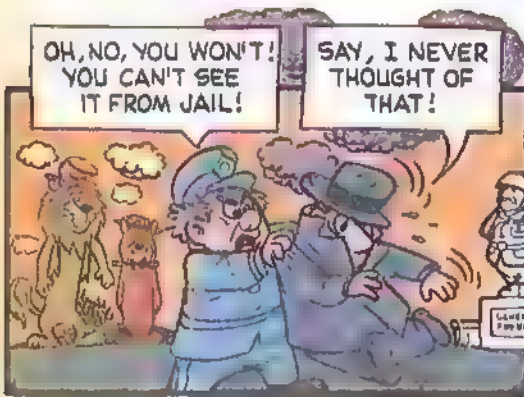
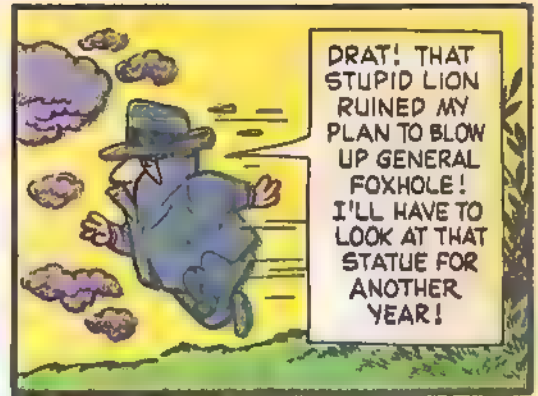
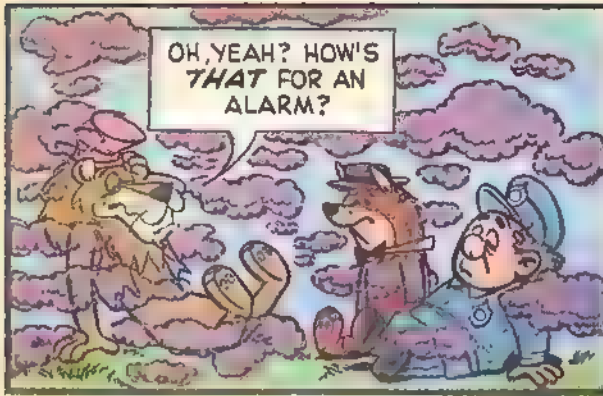




MEANWHILE...







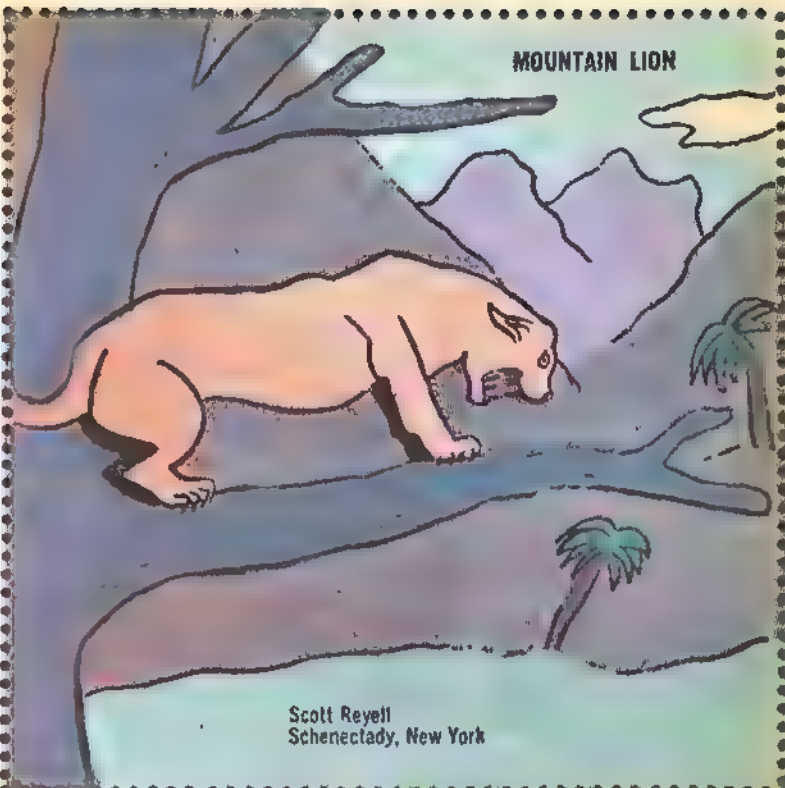




# Reader's Page ANIMALS

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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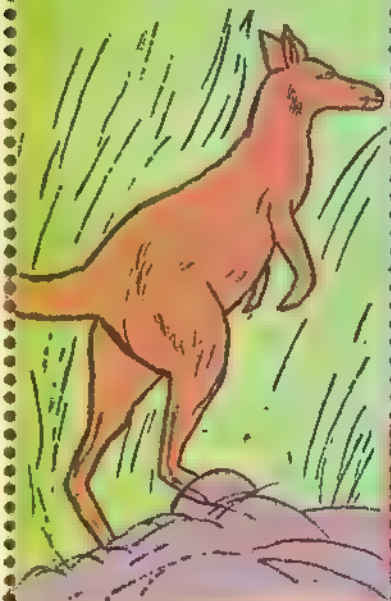
MOUNTAIN LION

Scott Reyell  
Schenectady, New York

KANGAROO

KITTEN

GIRAFFE



Frank Horton  
Cincinnati, Ohio



Michael Kazmier  
Detroit, Michigan

1



David Lanning  
Dalton, Georgia

Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

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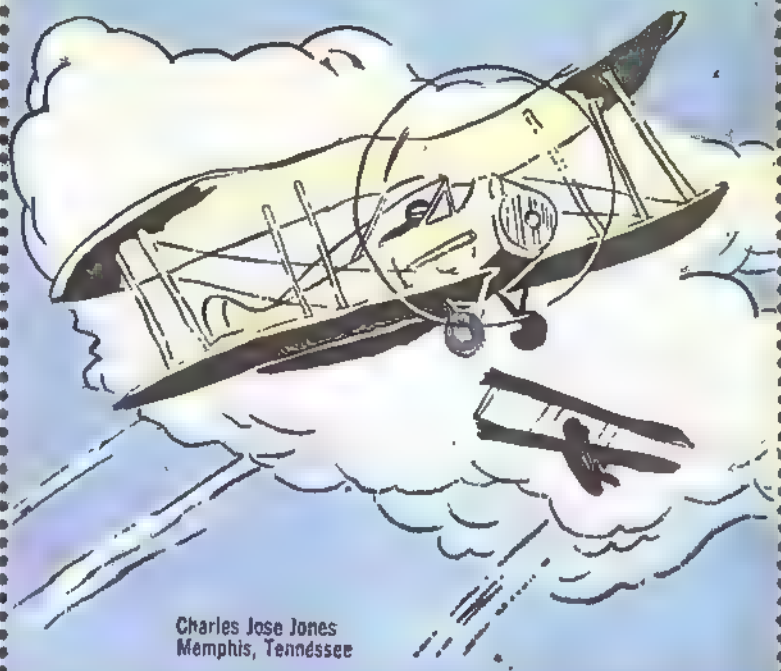


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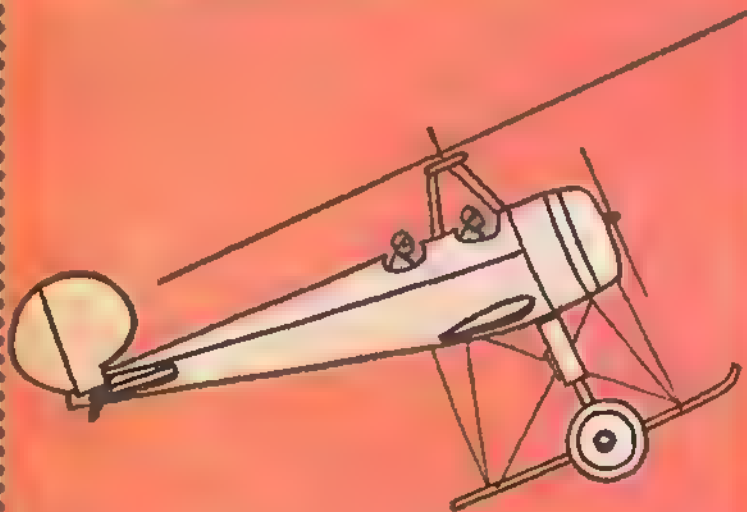
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### WORLD WAR I FIGHTERS



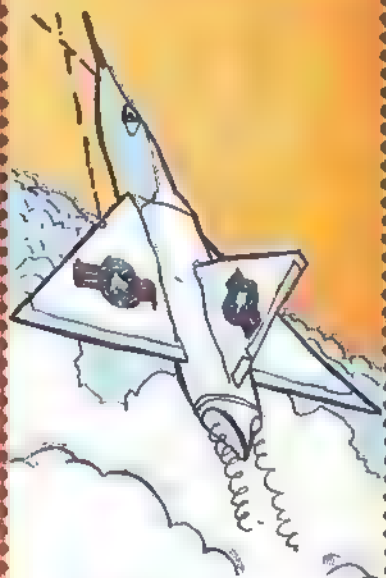
Charles Jose Jones  
Memphis, Tennessee

### CIERUA'S AUTOGIRO



Frank Macintosh  
Palatine, Illinois

### F-102 CONSOLIDATED VULTEE



Dennis Regan  
Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin

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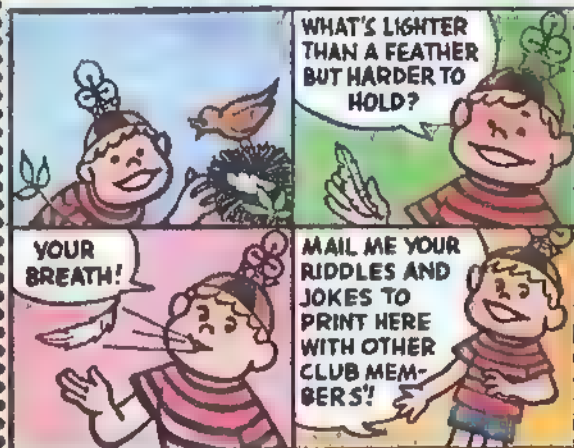
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# JOKES ON YOU



**Riddle:** What is the difference between a running man and a running dog?

**Answer:** The man wears trousers and the dog pants.

Patrick Bragg—Chicago, Illinois

**Duane:** Where should a dressmaker make her shop?

**Marlene:** On the outskirts of the city.

Scott Hannah—Troy, Ohio

**Riddle:** Why can't a bike stand up by itself?

**Answer:** Because it's two-tired!

Terry Deal—Airville, Pennsylvania

**Riddle:** Why does the rain pour down in sheets?

**Answer:** To cover the river bed.

Ricky Largin—Birmingham, Alabama

**Customer:** When I bought this cat you told me he was good for mice. He doesn't go near them.

**Clerk:** Well, isn't that good for mice?

Vincent Maiello—Bronx, New York

**Mother:** What does that zero on your report card mean?

**Son:** That's no zero. The teacher ran out of stars, so she gave me a moon.

Sandra L. Kay—Parkersburg, West Virginia

**Riddle:** What day of the year is a command to go forward?

**Answer:** March fourth.

Pamela Middleton—Albany, New York

**Man:** I'd like a round-trip ticket to the moon.  
**Ticket Seller:** Sorry, sir, the moon's full right now.

Dominic Fulco III—East Hartford, Connecticut

**Riddle:** Why is the rooster always so neat?

**Answer:** Because he always has his comb with him.

Karen Staszny—Union Grove, Wisconsin

**Riddle:** If a carrot and cabbage had a race, which would win?

**Answer:** The cabbage, because it's a head.

Jean Hourihan—Uxbridge, Massachusetts

**Tom:** I fell out of a ten-foot tree today.

**Harry:** Were you hurt?

**Tom:** No. I just fell three feet.

Gwen Bryant—Aliceville, Alabama

**Lady (standing in the middle of a busy street):** Officer, can you tell me how to get to the hospital?  
**Officer:** Just stand where you are.

James D. Rickard—Florence, Alabama

**Riddle:** During what month do people talk the least?

**Answer:** February — the shortest month of the year.

Jody Knoll—Lawellen, Nebraska

**Riddle:** What is a wisecracker?

**Answer:** A smart cookie.

Linda Caspary—Fremont, California

**Riddle:** Why is a policeman the the strongest man in the world?

**Answer:** Because he can hold up cars with one hand.

Cathy Rose—Oakland, California

**Riddle:** Why is a cookbook exciting?

**Answer:** It has some stirring pages.

Gerald Romanzin—Calgary, Alberta, Canada

**Judge:** Have you ever been up before me?

**Prisoner:** I don't know. What time do you get up?

Jerry Prock—Wiburton, Oklahoma

**Riddle:** Why did the farmer feed his cow money?

**Answer:** To have rich milk.

Roberto Greenwell—Clearlake Highlands, California

**Riddle:** What did the beaver say to the tree?

**Answer:** It was nice gnawing you.

Ricky Fleehart—Bellevue, Washington

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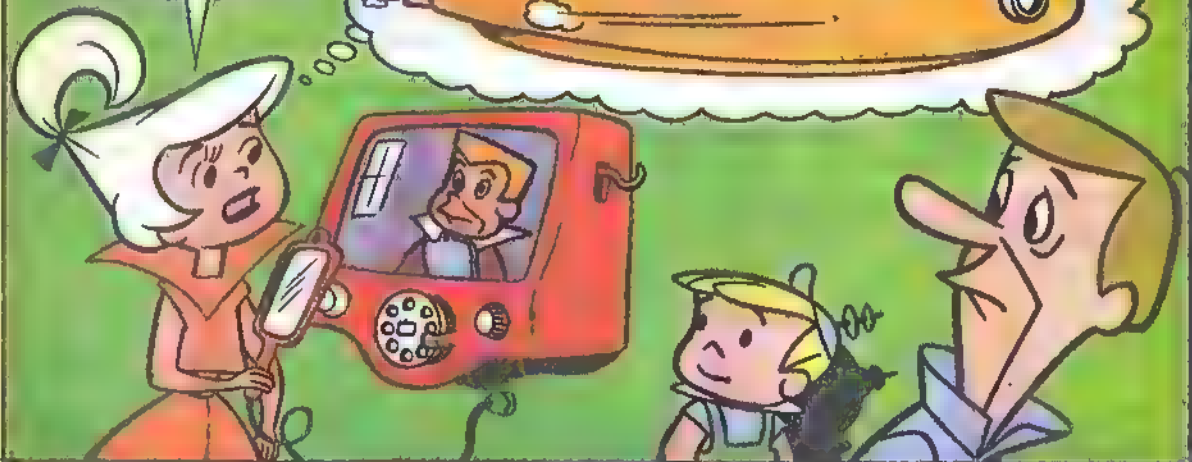
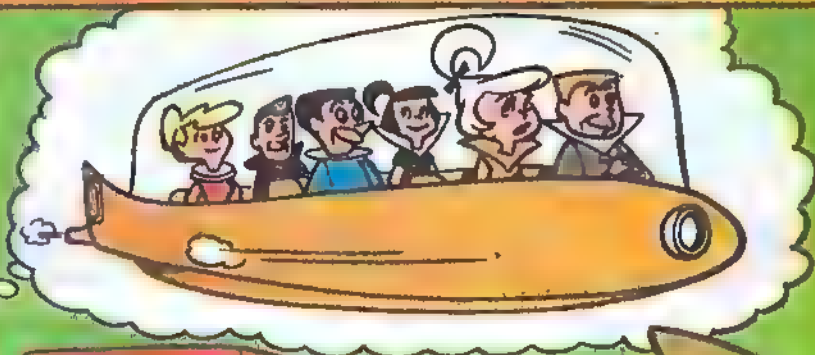
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Hanna-Barbera JUDY JETSON

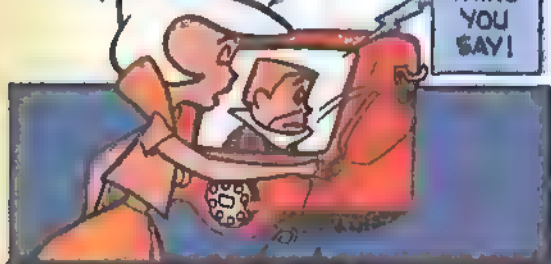
# LONELY FOR HER ONE AND ONLY

NO, ZIP... I DON'T WANT TO GO TO THE FLY-IN THEATER WITH YOU IN YOUR FATHER'S SPACION WAGON!



THE ONLY MODE OF TRAVEL I'LL CONSIDER IS YOUR **SPACE-CYCLE!**

SURE, JUDY! ANYTHING YOU SAY!

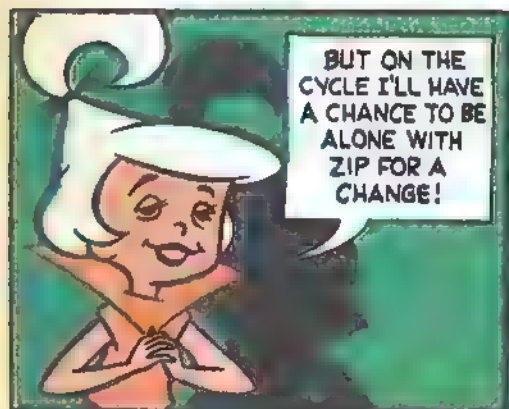


WHY RIDE ON A **SPACE-CYCLE** WHEN YOU CAN GO IN THE ZOOMER FAMILY'S **SPACION WAGON?**

BECAUSE UMPTEEN OTHER COUPLES WOULD GO WITH US IN THE WAGON!



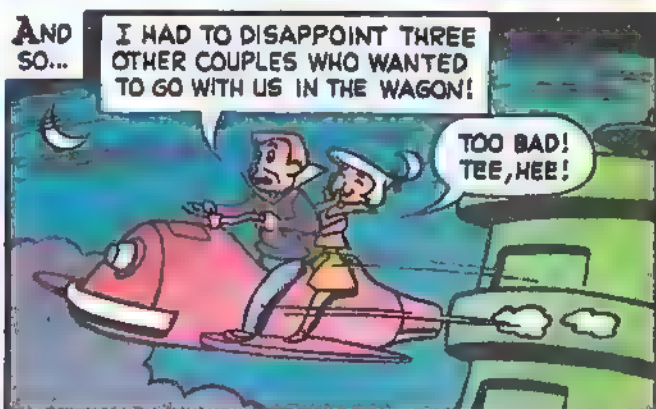
BUT ON THE CYCLE I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO BE ALONE WITH ZIP FOR A CHANGE!



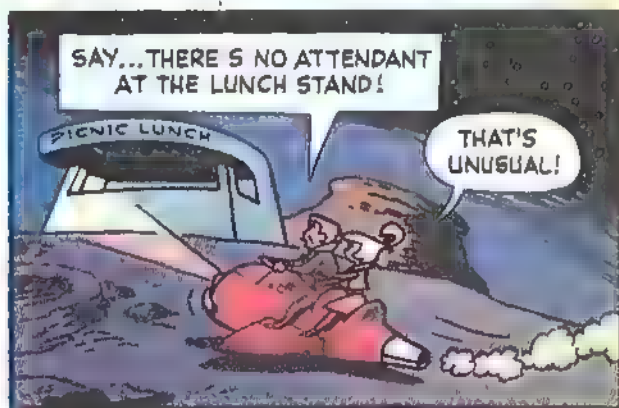
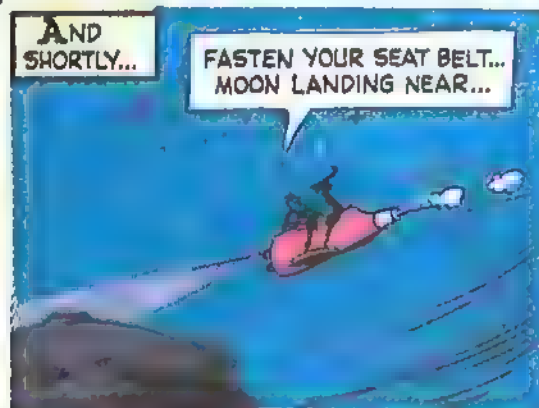
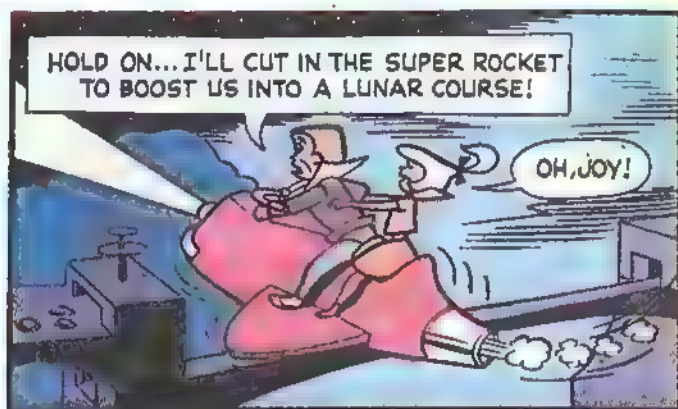
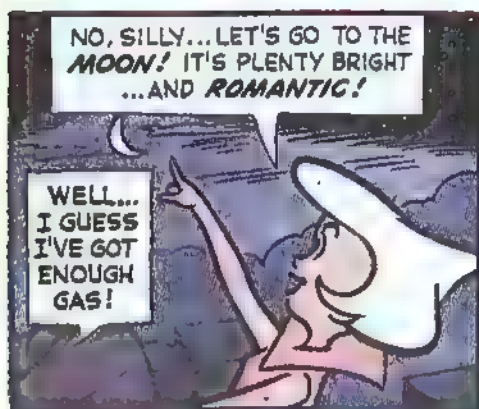
AND SO...

I HAD TO DISAPPOINT THREE OTHER COUPLES WHO WANTED TO GO WITH US IN THE WAGON!

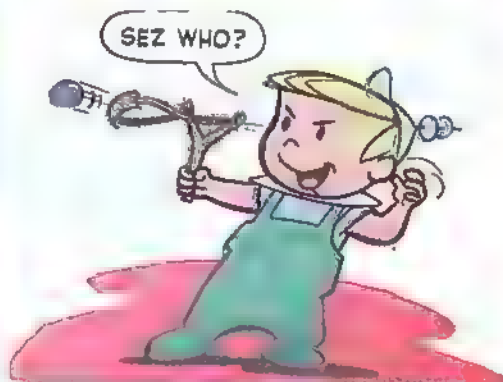
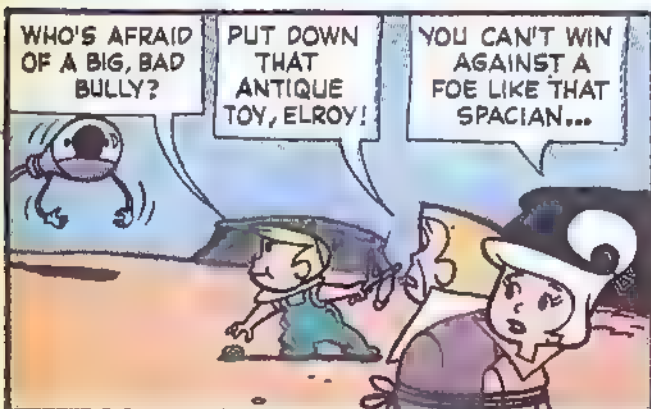
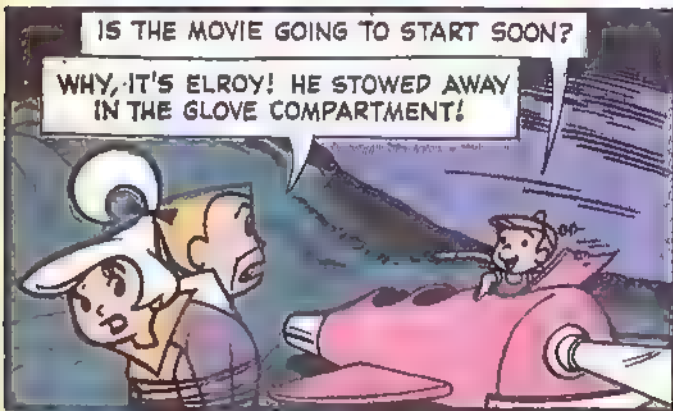
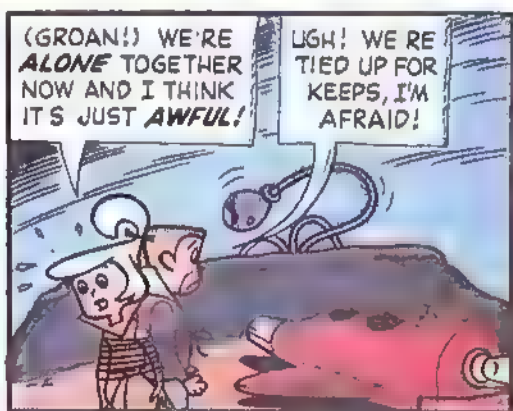
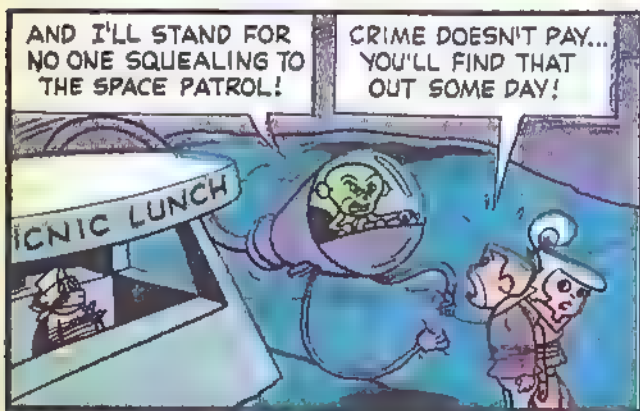
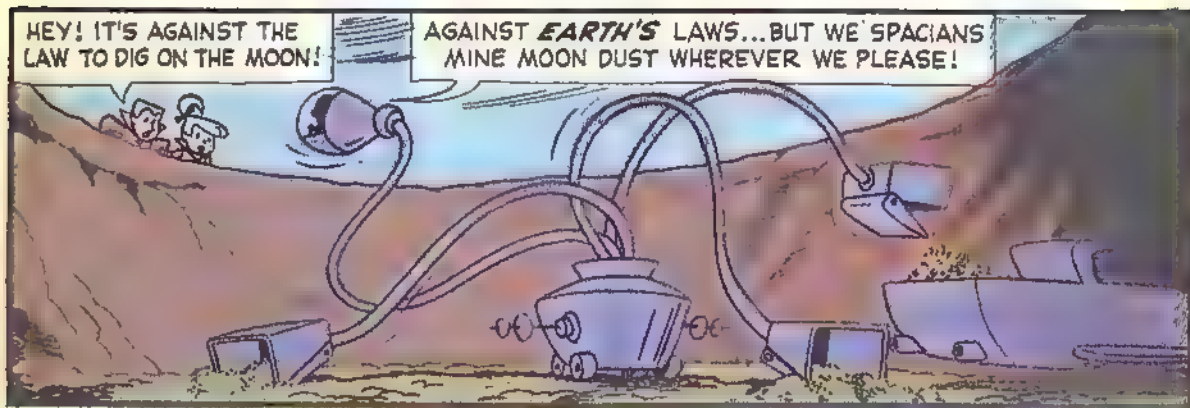
TOO BAD! TEE, HEE!



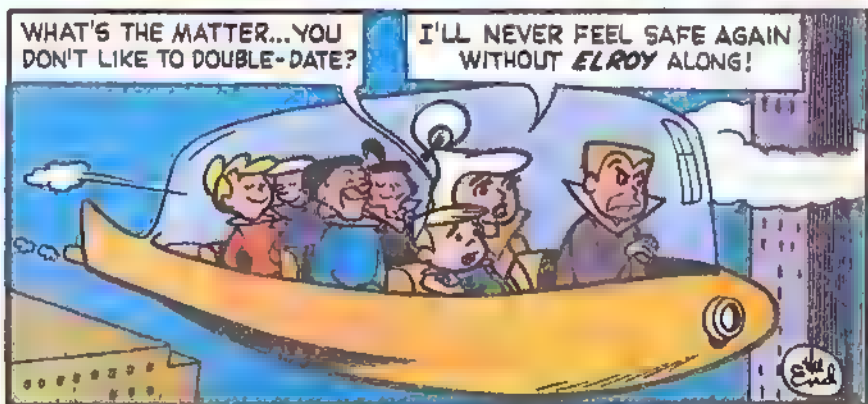
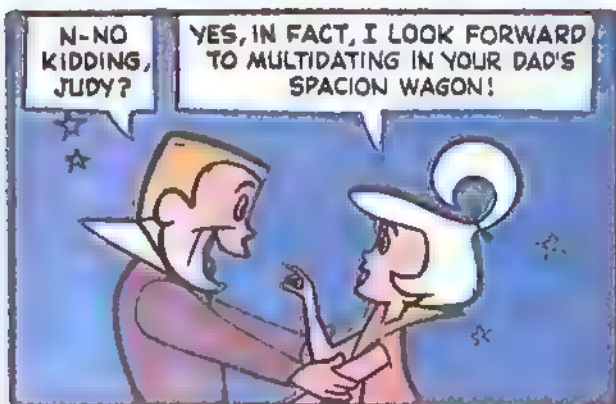
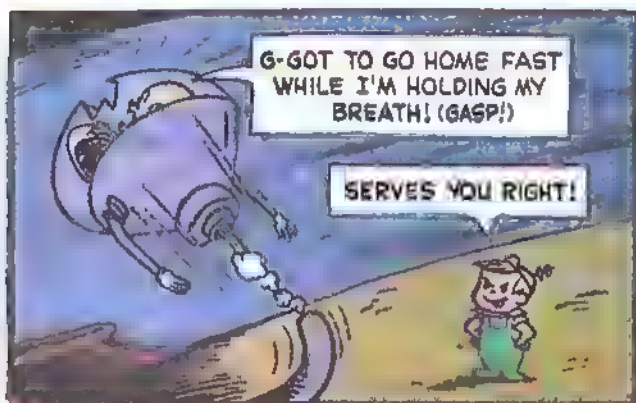
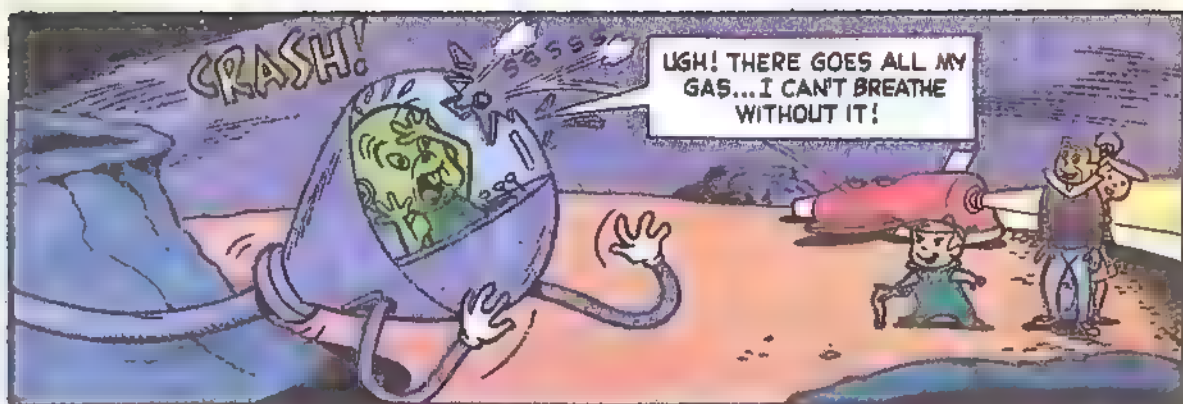














# PROBLEM PET



It was a typical afternoon at 1313 Skeleton Road, the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Evil Scientist. Mr. J. Evil was chuckling as he read his latest copy of "Poisons and Tropical Diseases" magazine. His dear wife, Goonda, was finishing the third arm on a sweater she was knitting to send to her cousin.

Suddenly, Junior entered through the big wooden front door. His parents did not look up from what they were doing.

"Er... Hi, folks. I brought somebody home with me," stammered Junior nervously.

"That's nice, dear. Take him upstairs and show him your toy guillotine," said Goonda.

"Yes, and don't let him fly away with it like Danny Dracula did," added J. Evil.

"Er... he's not a playmate. He's a dog. Can I keep him? Huh? Can I?" Junior bawled.

"A dog!" both parents shouted in unison, as they turned to stare at a small shaggy pup standing in the doorway beside their son. He didn't stand there long. One look at Mr. and Mrs. J. Evil Scientist when they are angry is enough to send armies scurrying, not to mention one small puppy.

"Awww, gee whiz! Now you scared him off," sighed Junior.

J. Evil stood up. It was lecture time.

"Good! You know you are not to bring dogs home. They sniff around and break things in my laboratory. No more dogs. That's final!"

"But, Pop, can't I have any kind of pet?"

"No! Cats are out. They make your mother nervous ever since her sister tried to turn her into one. Birds are out. They make the place too cheerful and that's awful. Horses eat too much. Goldfish..."

"Never mind," interrupted Junior, walking out of the room. "You'd have an argument against any pet I'd bring home."

As Junior left, his mother felt that they had been a little harsh, and she decided to make him some toadstool cookies.

Junior was alone in his mother's powder room... where she kept her bat wing powder, buzzard bone powder, all her other powders, and the big black cauldron to mix them in. As he was wiping a tear from his eye, he suddenly spotted a black book on the shelf. "How to Conjure up a Dragon" was its title.

"Yippee! That's it!" cheered Junior.

A few minutes later, Junior again entered the living room, calling behind him, "Here, Rover. Come on, Rover."

His father exploded, "Not another dog?"

"Oh, no, Pop. A dragon," said Junior with pride. "You didn't say I couldn't have a dragon, so I conjured this one up myself!"

After his parents awoke from fainting, J. Evil walked over to his son, rolling up his sleeve as he walked.

"I'm going to give you a good spanking. I told you not to play with Mommy's magic."

But, as J. Evil got close to Junior, the dragon let out an angry snort of flame at Junior's dear old dad.

J. Evil rolled down his sleeve. He had been around long enough to know better than to argue with a dragon.

"Isn't that cute, Pop? He protects me." Junior laughed gleefully.

"Yeah. Heh, heh... cute," said J. Evil, forcing a smile. "He can stay for a while."

So, Junior has a pet. All day they play happily, with Rover fetching cars, burying and digging up houses... cute dragon tricks.

And as he grows bigger every day, the question is no longer whether Junior's parents will let Rover stay at 1313 Skeleton Road, but if Rover will let them stay.



Hanna-Barbera  
**The JETSONS**

# GETTING AHEAD THE HARD WAY

LUCKY MAXWELL McSWELL...  
HE HAS A NICE PARKING SPACE  
RESERVED RIGHT NEXT TO  
MR. SPACELY'S SPACE!

C.G. SPACELY CO

Mc SWELL

MR.SPACELY

HE ALSO MAKES A BETTER  
THAN AVERAGE SALARY!

C.G. SPA

McSWELL

ME...I'VE GOT TO SUFFER ALONG  
WITH AN ORDINARY SALARY...PLUS  
MULTILEVEL PARKING...

FREE-FOR-ALL

SCREECH!  
SWOOSH! SCREECH!

UGH!

DOGGONE! THIS WAY OF  
LIFE IS FOR THE SPACE  
BIRDS! I'M GONNA DO  
SOMETHING ABOUT  
IT *TODAY!*



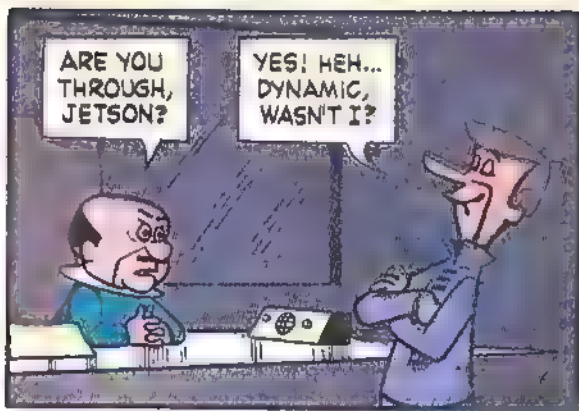
So...

MY PAY IS PUNY AND MY PARKING PLACE IS A DISGRACE! I DEMAND A BETTER DEAL!



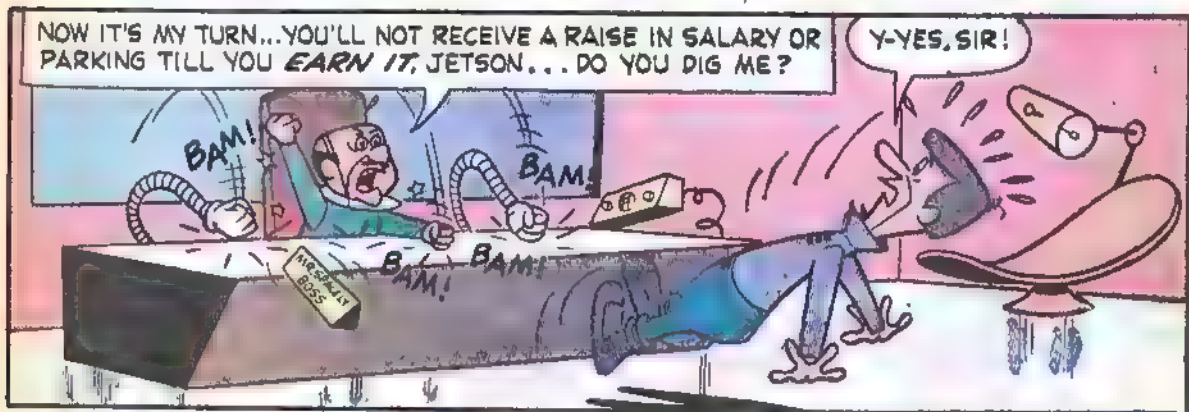
ARE YOU THROUGH, JETSON?

YES! HEH... DYNAMIC, WASN'T I?

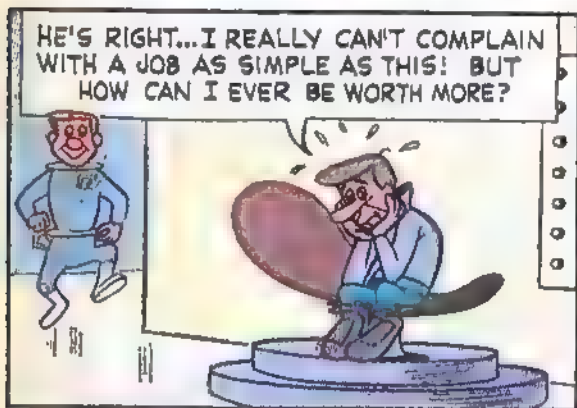


NOW IT'S MY TURN...YOU'LL NOT RECEIVE A RAISE IN SALARY OR PARKING TILL YOU **EARN IT**, JETSON... DO YOU DIG ME?

Y-YES, SIR!



HE'S RIGHT...I REALLY CAN'T COMPLAIN WITH A JOB AS SIMPLE AS THIS! BUT HOW CAN I EVER BE WORTH MORE?



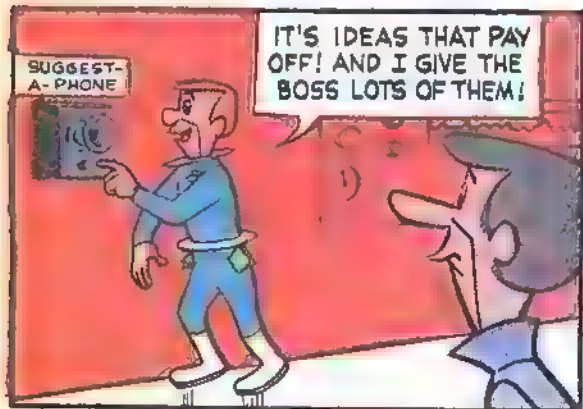
IT'S NO SECRET HOW I DO IT, GEORGE...

HUH?



SUGGEST-A-PHONE

IT'S IDEAS THAT PAY OFF! AND I GIVE THE BOSS LOTS OF THEM!

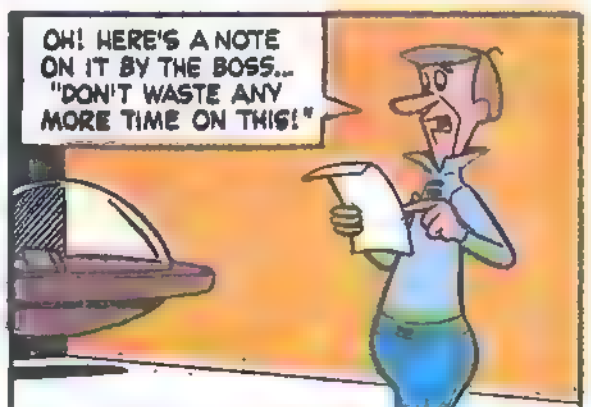
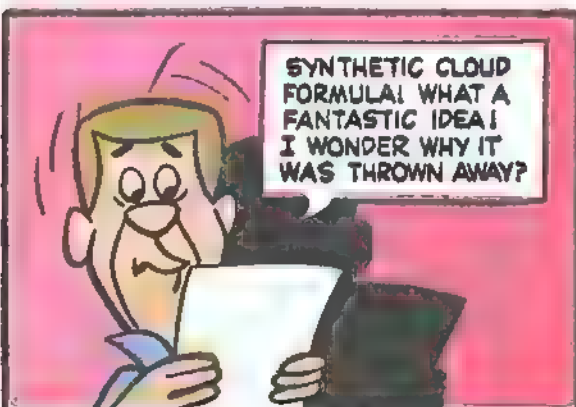
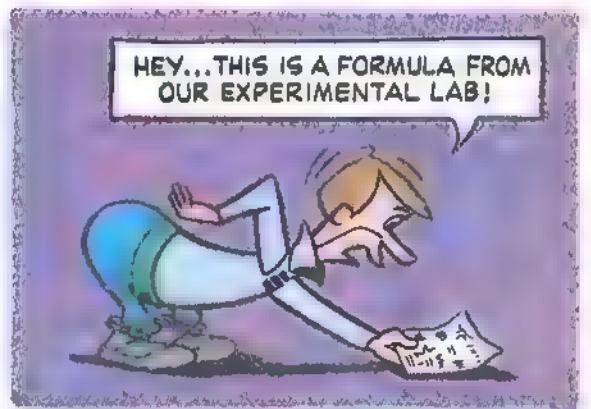
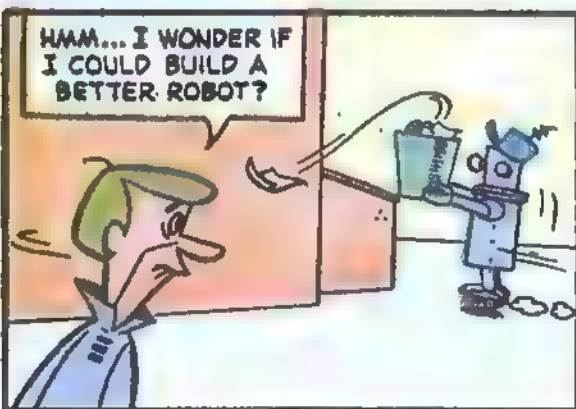
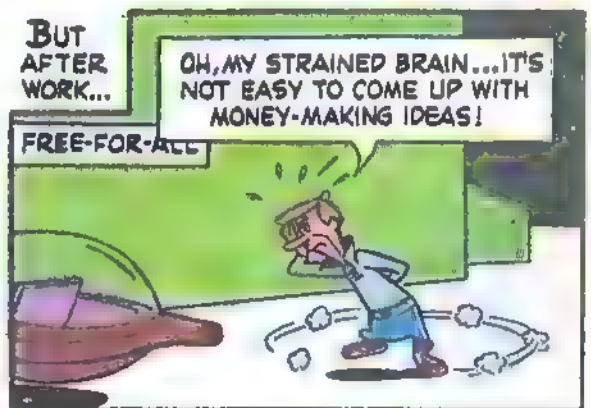
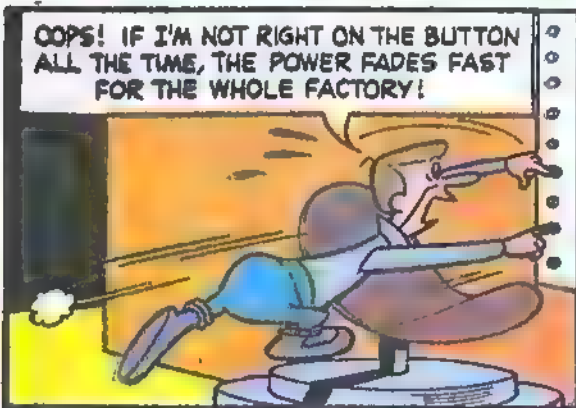
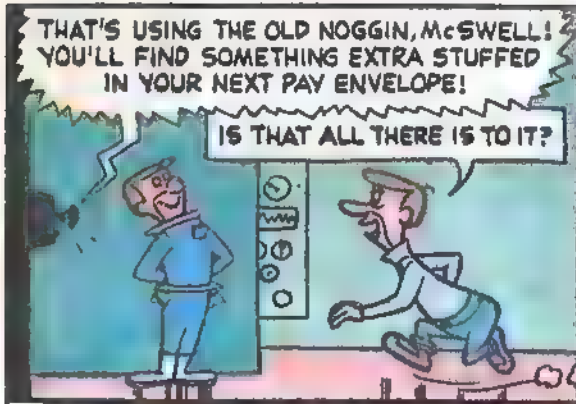


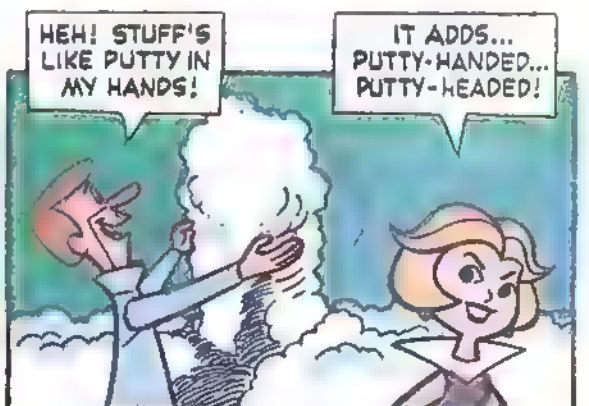
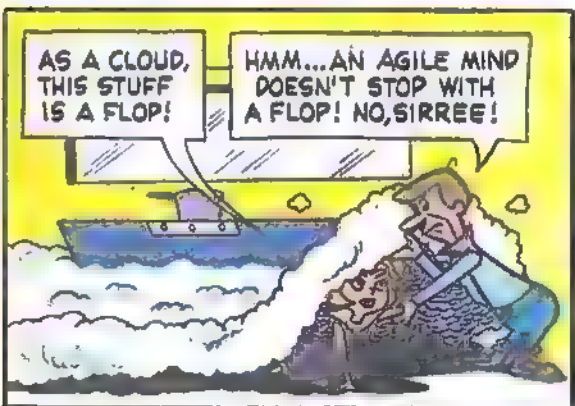
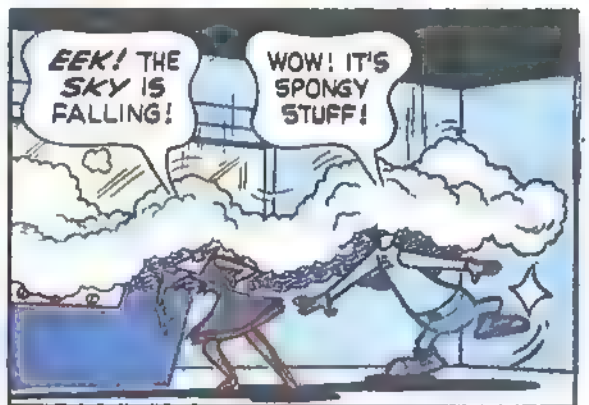
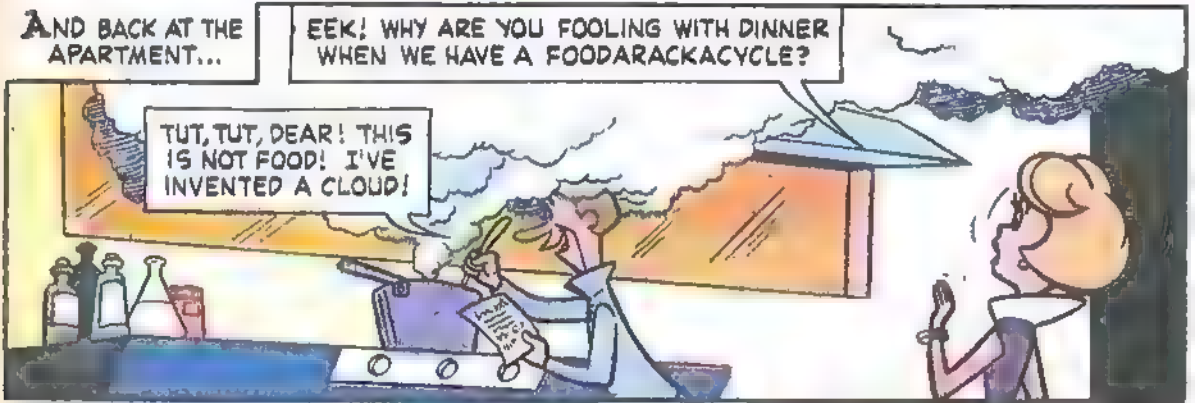
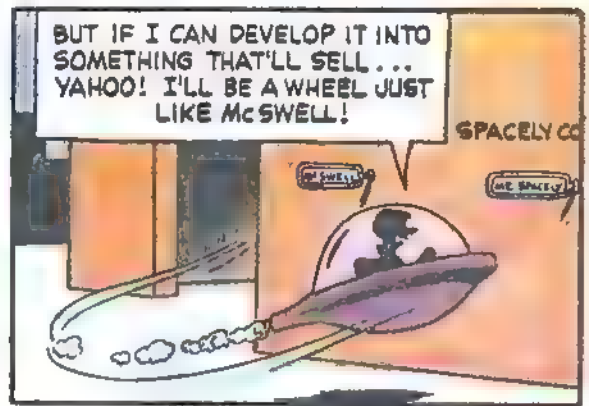
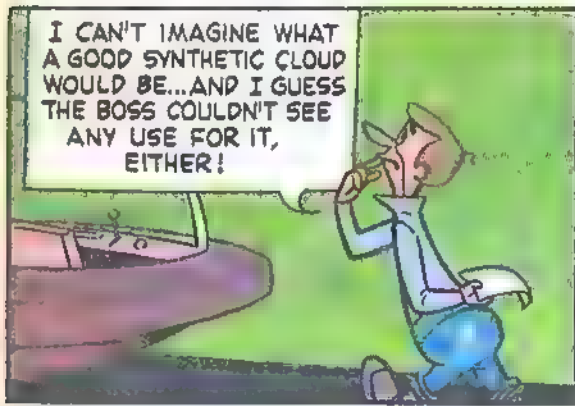
HOOK THE INTER-DIGITAL TABULATINGLER TO THE AUDIO SONIC-VIDEO-VIBRATOR AND INCREASE THE OUTPUT OF DYNAMIC AGITCHATATORS!

SUGGEST-A-PHONE

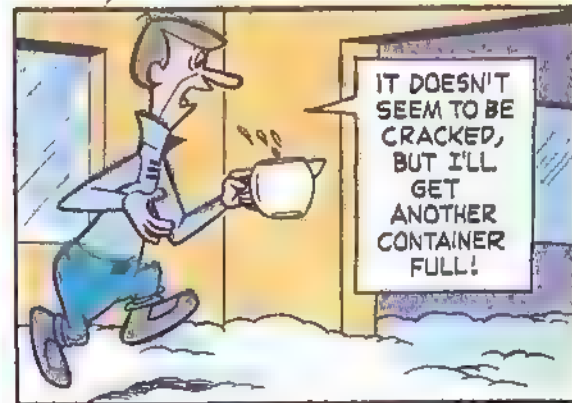
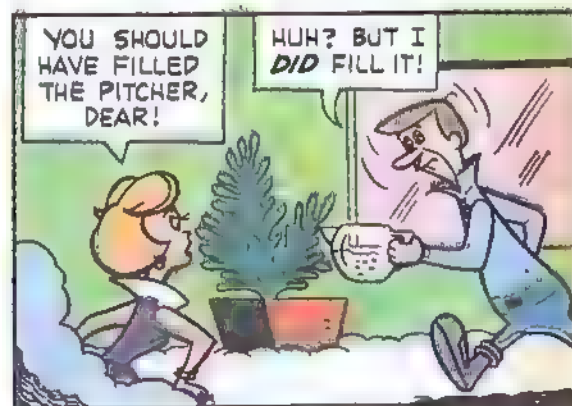
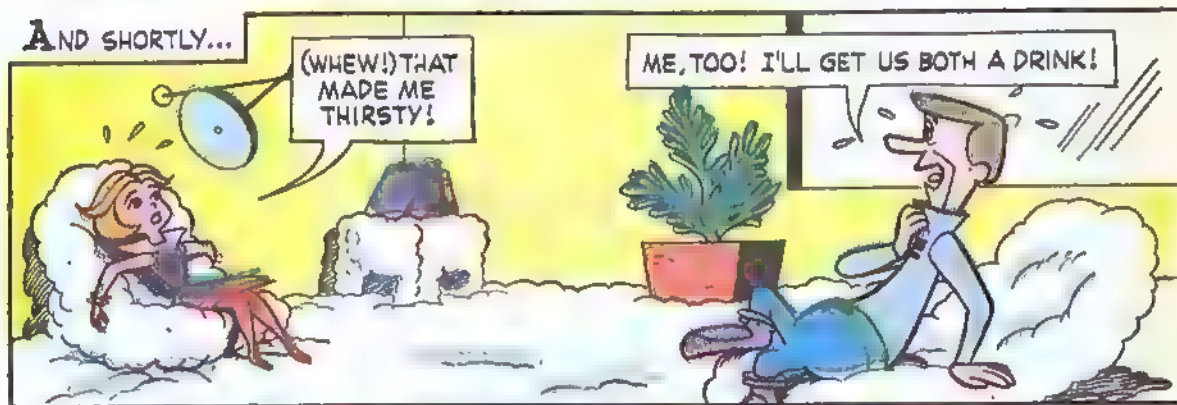
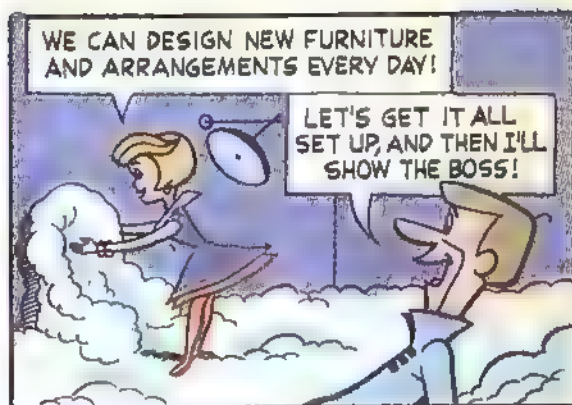
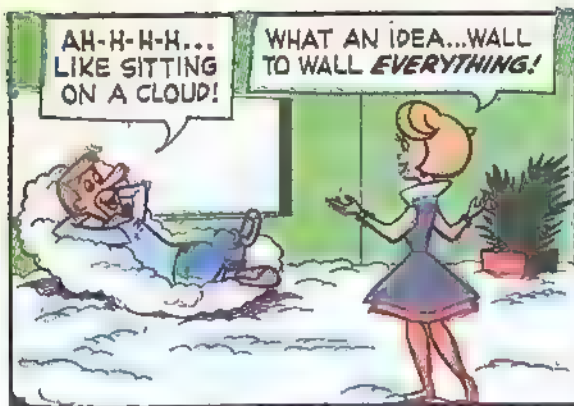








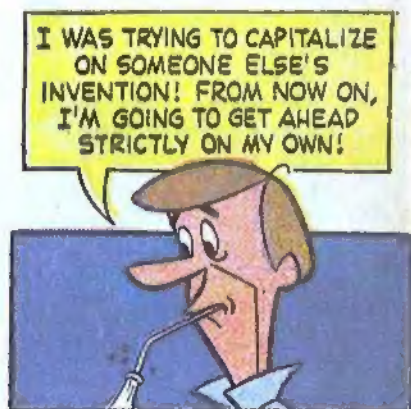
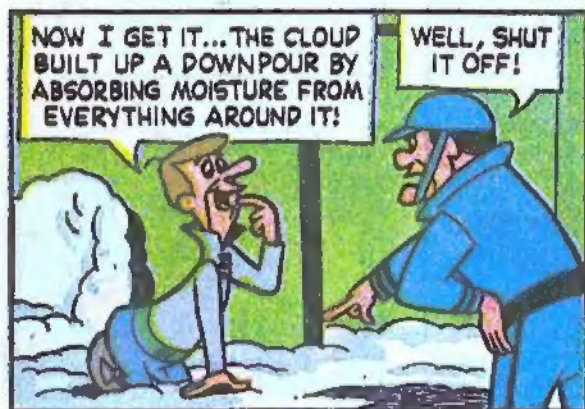
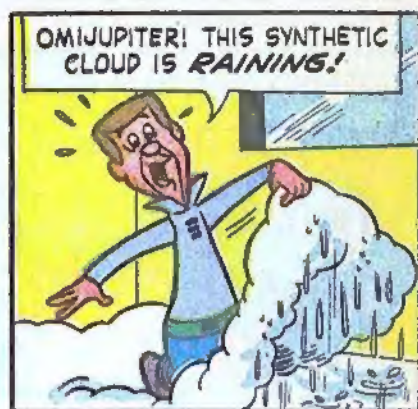








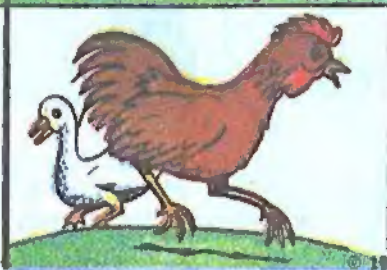
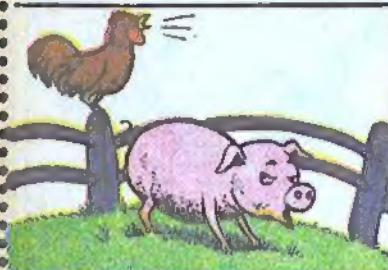








## MINI-COMICS



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# DINOSAURIA

## IGUANODON



Loping across the European continent of a hundred million years ago, the iguanodon was a harmless plant-eating dinosaur, despite its stern appearance. Standing about eighteen feet high and measuring over thirty feet long, it advanced with hops on its powerful hindlegs, although it could move on all fours. The iguanodon's strong, long tail could serve as a lashing weapon, or a counterbalance as it made a short gallop on its hindlegs. Its name means "iguana tooth" as its teeth resemble those of a giant iguana.



Living mainly on twigs of pine trees, the iguanodon used its long tongue to draw down its food, much as a giraffe does.



The iguanodon's small forelegs had five digits, with the thumb shaped into a sharp spine it could use for defending itself.